Vngouerd youth, to waile it with her age,
The parents liue whose children thou hast butchered,
Old withherd plants to waile it with their age:
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misused, ere used, by time misused orepast.
King. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile armes, my selfe, my selfe confound.
Day yeild me not thy light, nor night thy rest,
Be opposite all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated deuotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beautious Princely daughter,
In her consists my happinesse and thine.
Without her, follows to this land and me.
To thee her selfe and many a Christian soule,
Sad desolate ruine and decay.
It cannot be auoyded but by this:
It will not be auoyded but by this:
Therefore good mother (I must call you so)
Be the atturney of my loue to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I haue beene,
Not by deserts, but what I will deserue:
Vrge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peeuish fond in deepe designes.
Qu. Shall I be tempted of the diuell thus?
King. I, if the diuell tempt thee to doe good.
Qu. Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe?
King. I, if your selues remembrance wrong your selues.
Qu. But thou didst kill my children,
King. But in your daughters wombe ile bury them,
Wherein that nest of spicery there shall breed,
Selfes of themselues to your recomfiture.
Qu. Shall I goe winne my daughter to thy will?
King. And be a happy mother in the deed.
Qu. I goe, write to me very shortly.
King. Beare her my true loues kisse: farewell. *Exit*
Relenting foole, and shallow changing woman. *Enter Rat.*
Rat. My gracious soueraigne on the Westerne coast,

Rideth

Rideth a puissant Nauy: To the
Throng many doubtfull hollow
Vnarmd and vnresolu'd to beate
Tis thought that *Richmond* is th
And there they hull expecting
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome t
King. Some light-foote friend
Ratliffe thy selfe, or *Catesby*, whe
Cat. Here my Lord.
King. Flye to the Duke: post
When thou commest there, dul
Why standst thou still, and goe
Cat. First mighty soueraigne
What from your grace I shall
King. O true, good *Catesby*, bi
The greatest strength and pow
And meete me presently at S
Rat. What is your highnesse
King. Why, what shouldst t
Rat. Your highnesse told me
King. My minde is chang'd
How now, what news with y
Dar. None good my Lord t
Nor none so bad but it may w
King. Hoyday a riddle ney
Why dost thou runne so ma
When thou mayst tell thy tal
Once more, what news?
Dar. *Richmond* is on the se
King. There let him sinke, a
White liuered runnagate,
Dar. I know not mighty so
King. Well sir, as you gues
Dar. Sturd vp by *Dorset*, B
He makes for *England*, ther
King. Is the chaire empty
Is the King dead? the Emp
What heire of *Yorke* is ther
And who is *Englands* King

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